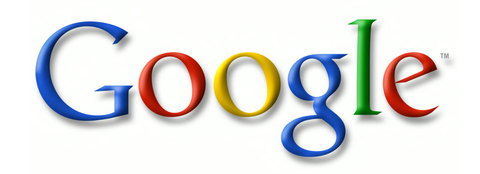
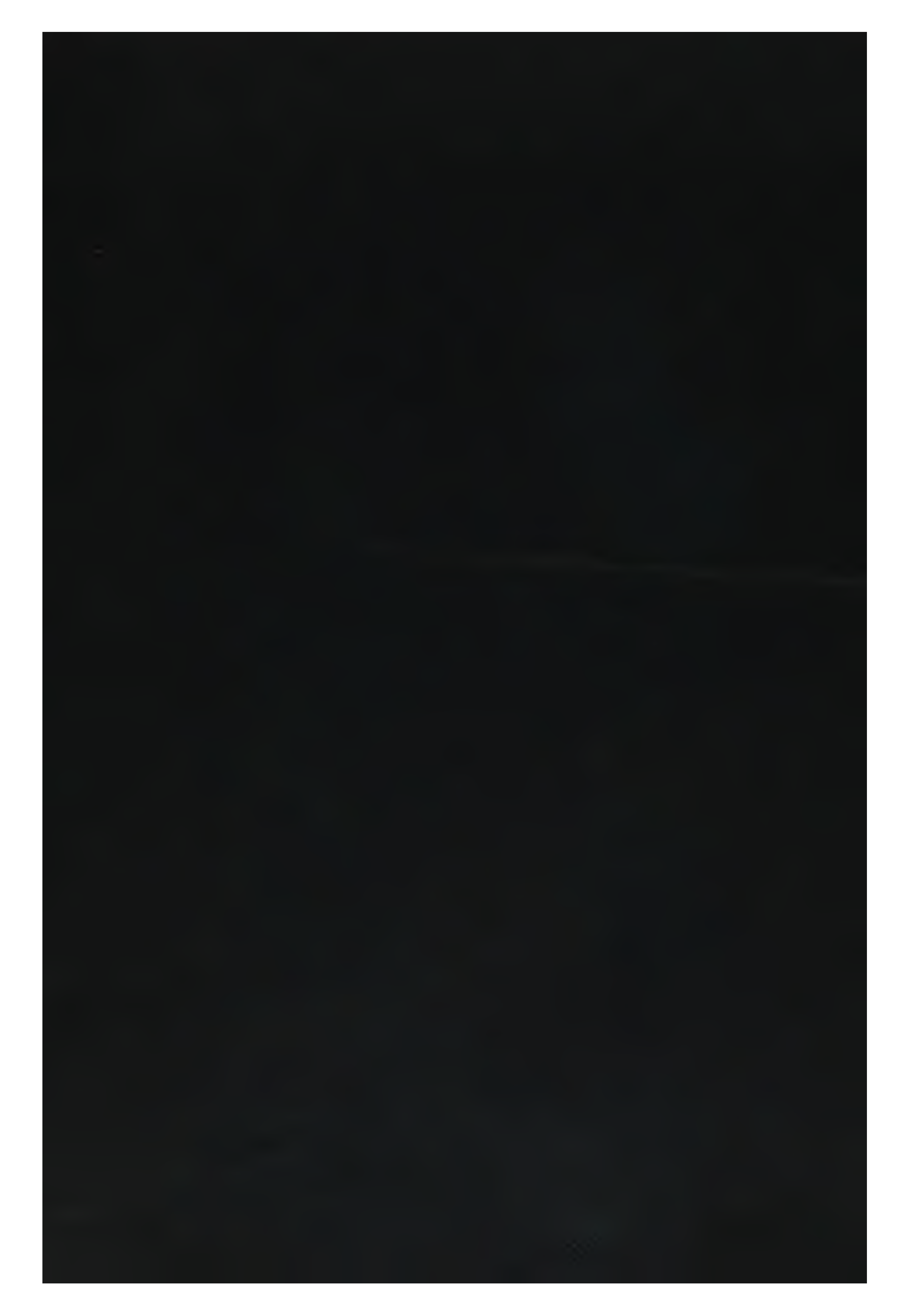

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Emilio Castelar

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A

SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE SPANISH CORTES,

ON MAY 9TH, 1876,

BY

DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

Dedicated to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

Translated with the sanction of Senor Castelar

BY

W. G. RICHARDSON, LL.M.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

"SIR,

"I have the honour of forwarding for your perusal a proof copy of a pamphlet entitled 'Religious Liberty;' it being a translation of a speech delivered in the Spanish Cortes by Senor Castelar.

"As you are looked upon by the English people as being the strongest advocate of Religious Liberty, in contradistinction to the Papal Despotism, may I be allowed to ask you, with the deepest possible respect, to permit the above work to be dedicated to you?

"Hoping that you will be good enough to grant my request,

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"M. T. RUIZ."

MR. GLADSTONE'S REPLY.

"SIR,

"I am much flattered by the request that I should accept the dedication of the brilliant oration which you forward to me.

"I am, however, disposed to ask that you will take your own course, without my participation as to bestowing or not bestowing on me this unexpected compliment.

"Apart from general rules, I have this special reason for my request that, as my testimony on the great question has now been fully borne, I am sincerely desirous to waive for myself further operations on this particular field of controversy.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your most faithful servant,

W. E. Gladstone

PREFACE.

THE Speech of Senor Castelar, delivered in the Spanish Cortes on 9th May last, merits the attention of the English reader on various accounts. Its literary merits are undeniable. It is a splendid and typical specimen of contemporary Spanish oratory. It produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon the assembly to which it was addressed, but upon the whole country.

Rhetorical works lose more in translation than any others. But the following pages will, it is believed, be found faithfully to reproduce at least the substance of what Sr. Castelar said.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

PRIOR to the Revolution of September, 1868, the political parties in Spain were—

1. The Carlists, reactionary and legitimist.
2. The Moderados or Conservatives, partisans of Isabel II.
3. The Unionists, who occupied a middle position between the Moderados and
4. The Progresistas, or great Liberal party.
5. The Democrats or Republicans.

During the reign of Isabel II. the Unionists and Moderados were alternately in power. The other three parties sat out in the cold and conspired.

In June, 1866, the Progresistas coalesced with the Unionists and acquired a decisive, superiority over the Moderados. The Revolution of September, 1868, the flight of Isabel II. and the dictatorship of Prim, were the immediate consequences.

The Moderados now split into two sections—the Intransigentes, who desired the restoration of Isabel II., and the Transigentes, who favoured the candidature of her son, Don Alfonso.

Sres. Moyano and Pidal are Intransigentes, Sr. Bugallal is Unionist, and Sr. Castelar is Republican.

THE EDITOR, M. T. RUIZ.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN,—I have listened with all the attention it merited to the statesmanlike speech, just delivered by Sr. Bugallal, and I have listened with such attention that I noticed certain adjectives and adverbs, which have undoubtedly escaped the Congress.

Sr. Bugallal, while soaring to the upper regions of philosophy and history, let fall two things which I am anxious to recall. He said, first, that although occupied with a question of such vital importance as that before us, a question affecting all our rights and influencing all our future, the house is possessed by an incredible indifference; and, secondly, in his reply to Sr. Moyano, he used the word "still," while referring to the power of the Popes over the human conscience; thereby betraying certain doubts, proper to the eclectic school, whose prophets, in the year 1837, foretold 200 years only of future existence or influence to the pontificate in Europe.

And now, after congratulating Sr. Bugallal upon his speech, to enter on the subject matter of this debate; I say that this slender minority, consisting of two individuals—but representing many more—cannot vote for Catholic Unity, because it considers that unity a reactionary Utopia, as repugnant to the laws of our times, as contrary to the exigencies of our politics, as any socialist Utopia. Neither can it vote with the commission, because the commission recommends toleration, and we do not wish to owe to the toleration of any one that which belongs of natural right to all of us.

This minority, while combating the doctrines emanating from the traditionalist benches opposite, will combat the recommendation of the commission, which upholds a State Church. We do not, and never did, desire a State Church, and, while sincerely believing that man is a religious being, and that society is and, as a reflection of man, ought to be a religious body, we do not believe that there should be authority in the State to promulge dogmas as it promulges laws. And, while opposing the commission and while opposing the majority, we shall expound our ideal, which shall soon be your ideal, and our doctrines, which shall soon be your doctrines; and between the uncompromising intolerance of the Catholic minority and the hypocritical tolerance of the eclectic majority, we shall find a harbour of safety—the immediate and radical separation of Church and State.

The Congress may doubt it, but I have the right to say that the sentiment most deeply rooted in my soul is love of my country. And it costs my patriotism a great effort to confess, even as an opponent, that men of undoubted good faith, of great public and private virtues—youths whose science and eloquence are, and must continue to be, the admiration of all of us—uphold the justice and necessity of forcing by State compulsion upon man's inviolable conscience the dogmas, rites, and practices of a particular religion. From the moment society exists, the State,—be it patriarchal theocratic, military, feudal, imperial, monarchic, republican,—coexists with it. But before the State, above the State, before society, above society, there is a faculty, Conscience, which manifested itself with the first appearance on this planet of our organization: superior to our human organization there is a light: purer than the ether in unsullied space, the light of our Spirits. You, traditionalist deputies, who maintain that the State should force upon Conscience certain dogmas, rites, and forms of worship, maintain the greatest sophism that the extravagance of the human understanding has ever produced, and the worst despotism that has stained the pages of history.

If the State has a right to support a religion, it has also a right to introduce it; and if the State has a right to impose a religion upon its subjects, let us sound together the abyss of your own principles and trace out their inevitable consequences.

The Pharaohs, who were the State, had a right to force upon Moses, who was Conscience, the idolatrous worship of the Egyptian divinities. Nebuchadnezzar, who was the State, had a right to persecute the three Hebrew children, who were Conscience, and to cast them into the Babylonian furnace, because they would not bow their heads before the altars of Sabœa. Anytus, who in stormy Athens was for a moment the State, had a right to lift to Socrates' lips the deadly cup, whose poison silenced that divine tongue which laid bare the hearts of men. Pilate, who was the shadow of Tiberius, and, consequently, the shadow of the State, had a right to nail to the ignominious cross of the slave the body of Christ. Nero and Diocletian, who were the State, had a right to descend into the Catacombs, to interrupt the prayers breathed forth amidst the damp and darkness of the pit, and to throw the early Christians to the fangs of the wild beasts, amidst the applause of a populace, corrupted by the despotism of the Cæsars and drunk with religious intolerance. Charles IX., who was the State, had a right, at the peal of the bell which had chimed at his birth and was soon to toll at his death, to shoot and behead his vassals, united in a common faith, not against the kingly rule, but against the State Church. Henry VIII. had a right, with the aid of his obsequious Parliament, by a rescript to convert the isle of the Saints, blessed and baptized by Gregory the Great, into the isle of heretics. The Cossack of the Don, representative and emissary of Czar Nicholas, who believed himself at once lord of heaven and earth, pontiff and king, representative of God and ruler of men, had a right to enter the churches of Poland, to slay at the foot of the altar the priests as they elevated the consecrated host, in commemoration of the most sublime of sacrifices, and who joined to faith in Christ's resurrection hope in the resurrection of their dismembered country. And all tyrants have a right to receive upon their foreheads the oil of your mystic ideas, as fulfillers of God's justice upon the earth, oppressed by their despotism and stained by their unutterable crimes.

The State and Conscience are two entities necessary to life, but essentially diverse. Like the stomach and the liver, for example,—if so familiar a comparison be admissible in treating such lofty subjects,—they are two organs necessary to digestion, but essentially different. The State co-exists with society; it is the representative of authority, charged with the enforcement and realisation of right—right as conceived by the age and nation; but Conscience is that reflective faculty, superior to feeling, fancy, intelligence, reason and even judgment, by means of which the soul estimates the truth or error of ideas, and the goodness or badness of actions.

The organ of the transitory relations of politics is the State: the organ of the eternal relations of religion is Conscience. Will you submit Conscience, the organ of the eternal relations of religion, to the State, the organ of the accidental relations of politics? Then will you overthrow all the hierarchy of the human faculties. You might as well profess to see with your hands and touch with your eyes. It is conceivable that man should exist independently of the State and Society; but is it conceivable that he should exist (except in case of idiocy, of which neither the laws of reason nor of the State take account), independently of conscience? Has man ever existed, can he ever exist, without Conscience? You cannot, then, subordinate Conscience to the State; you cannot prefer the State to Conscience. And, if this be so, tell me, if the State by its rescripts and laws were to declare a religion false, would you believe it false, unless your conscience told you so too? And though the State told you that a religion was true, while your conscience told you it was false, would you not rather brave martyrdom than submit to it? In asking the State to enforce religious unity, you are really asking for the tyranny of the political powers over the eternal, moral, and divine powers of Conscience.

I am often reproached with my use, or rather abuse of history, while practically illustrating (as I profess to do), by arguments derived from history, the philosophical or political ideas which must necessarily be debated in this place. But I wish to bring forward two instances of the complete impotence of the

State in opposition to the power of religion. It is the fourth century of our era. The death of the Saviour, the efficacy of His doctrines, the power of His example, the apostolate of His disciples, the faith not to be gainsaid ofHis martyrs, the activity of thought in theological Jerusalem, in philosophical Athens, in scientific Alexandria, produce, apart from all question of providential intervention, upon which I do not propose to enter, a movement in the general feeling of mankind from Paganism towards Christianity; a change necessary, logical, dialectical, divine. To this change is opposed a Cæsar of Greek descent, an inspired orator, armed with all the powers of the State and all the privileges of genius,—the immortal Julian. Vain opposition, though prompted by fear that the greatness of Rome would be a thing of the past, and that his empire would achieve no glories in the future! The sceptre has not yet been forged which can reach man's reason. And just as no one has yet been able to root out a planet or a sun from space, so no one has been able to root out an idea from the soul. For ideas are immortal, and, when once they have struck down deep into the soul, they admit no opposition. I know of no clearer proof of the impotence of the State in matters of religion than that last journey of Julian to the foot of Parnassus, to the brink of the Castalian fountain, to the edge of the grove whence the Pythian Priestess uttered her prophecies, when he entered through the columns where Apollo struck his lyre and found the altar without victims, the fire on the tripod extinguished, the sacred vases empty, in spite of his having restored Paganism in the schools and in the law courts. Fruitless restoration! In vain you open the State to a creed, unless that creed gain admittance to the immortal soul, where alone creeds can take root.

Ah! Conscience cannot be coerced: it is inviolable. You can persuade it; you cannot dictate to it. You can move it with an idea; you cannot move it by a command. The strong lever, which plays with the heaviest masses cannot stir the lightest, the airiest, the most invisible and impalpable thought. The persecutor destroys; he does not persuade. The gaoler imprisons the body and paralyzes it beneath the weight of chains; but he cannot imprison or paralyze the soul, whence escapes the prayer, which, like a mysterious perfume, traverses the stones and bars of the dungeon. The tyrant can proscribe the believer, he cannot proscribe the belief. The inquisitor lights the furnace, calcines the bones, scorches the flesh, consumes the blood; but he cannot consume, nor scorch, nor calcine thought; for, at the bottom of the furnace, in that heap of ashes, which the wind disperses to the four quarters of the horizon, there remains the idea, ennobled by martyrdom, that idea which is triumphantly transmitted in the communion of spirit to all generations, and transcends all time.

What is it, Gentlemen Traditionalists, that you have been demanding from the very commencement of this debate? You do not, you cannot, conceal it. You do not conceal it from men's notice, you do not conceal it from the notice of Europe, beneath the splendid trappings of your admirable speeches. What you have asked from the beginning of this debate is, that just as the State, by its material force, compels obedience to the civil laws, so it should compel men to receive your theological dogmas, or, at least, to conform to your religious practices. Let not Sr. Pidal, with his eloquent and nervous oratory, deny this. If he is not prepared to maintain the consequences of his principles, he should abandon those principles. What you are asking for is persecution; and if you do not ask for it, you are heterodox. Sr. Pidal is heterodox; for the Pope has declared, in the encyclical which precedes the syllabus, that it is heresy not to demand from the State the material force necessary for propagating and maintaining the truths of religion. If Sr. Pidal, who is so learned in these questions, and who, I say it with all seriousness, is so distinguished a philosopher, logician and canonist, says "No," he does not say "No" to me; he denies the authority of the Pope, and refuses to recognise his voice and his commands.

I dislike personal arguments, though this is not really one. I never argue in bad faith, for sincerity is indispensable. It is a point of honour in debating; and while requisite in all places, it is more especially requisite in legislative assemblies. I know you do not want the penal regulations of bygone times. I do not accuse you of wishing to re-establish the In-

quisition. You do not wish to see revived the days of torture and stake; but you ask that the dissenter should either be a hypocrite, professing with his lips a religion contrary to the feelings of his heart, or that he should have no rights of citizenship; that he should be deprived of the liberty of the press; that he should be unable to spread his ideas in an age when ideas are diffused like the light; that he should be unable to call his family legitimate in the face of society; that he should be unable legally to recognise his offspring; that he should be incapable of occupying a professor's chair; that he should live in solitude, in isolation, despised of the laws and of men; that, when he dies, he should be without those pious rites which the living render to the dead, those ceremonies which exten l the horizon of hope, those prayers which the cold ashes require, as the plant requires the dew of heaven; and that, after the manner of horses, dogs, or swine, his remains should be cast forth into the all-devouring bosom of Nature, a handful of dung to enrich and nourish the earth.

But, through the whole course of this debate, our opponents have been repeating "the State should maintain the Catholic religion, because it is the true religion."

This argument is absolutely valueless. Do not think I am going to deny your proposition. We are in Congress. We are bound to respect all religious convictions. We are bound especially to respect the creed which the great majority of the nation professes, and in respect to that creed I will never fail. I grant that Catholicism is the true religion; but how do you know it to be so? By the sentence of a judge? By the decree of a ministry? By an act of Parliament? By the rescript of an absolute king? No; you know it because your inviolable conscience has told you it is true. And then, what is duty? It is the recognition of a right in a person distinct from ourselves. And why cannot there be a person whose conscience and reason should cause him to believe precisely the contrary of what you believe? Undeceive yourselves. You have not studied the nature of religious truths if you have not learned that they are non-evident truths.

You cannot see that the Word is co-substantial with the Father; you cannot see that Lucifer rebelled and fell down to hell, or that Christ must come to judge the quick and the dead; you cannot see dogmatic and theological truth as you see, for example, that two and two make four. You cannot prove that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son as you can prove that every point in a circumference is equidistant from the centre, that all the radii of a circle are equal, and that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. It is impossible. A great Father of the Church has said, in view of the contradictions of Theology, "Credo quia absurdum," "I believe a theological principal because it is absurd." A great Protestant theologian has written one of the profoundest and most Christian books of the nineteenth century upon this same thesis of the non-evidence of religious truths.

Thus it is at the family hearth, where your mothers trained you in your daily religious duties, you were taught, as you said your rosaries, to contemplate according to the day of the week, mournful or joyous mysteries, but mysteries always, insoluble by human reason, inaccessible to any criterion other than the criterion of faith. Therefore it is said with truth that the will is not sufficient for belief. He who disbelieves, disbelieves not because he will not, but because he cannot believe. He who has abandoned the faith of his early years, who enters a cathedral as he would enter an academy or a museum, who sees not the sacred halo encircling the brow on which faith and inspiration formerly shone for him, may well exclaim in the anguish of his soul, in the words uttered by Christ on the cross, "My Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The criterion of religion is something more than instinct, than sentiment, than dreamy fancy, than intellect, than reason, than judgment itself. It is that supernatural faculty described by Saint Bonaventura, in the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, and which Schelling has called a supernatural intuition vouchsafed by God to the elect of His grace, and the predestined to His glory.* Therefore, Gentlemen, if so great be your need of propagating your faith, a need which I appreciate, because all men have a right to proselytise, a need which I respect, because I respect all

* Cf. Plato. Meno. 99 E. Θείᾳ μοίρᾳ παραγιγνομένη ἄνευ νοῦ, οἷς ἂν παραγίγνηται.

honourable and sincere convictions, persuade, convince, touch the hearts of the incredulous, as Christ touched the heart of Paul on the road to Damascus; intercede for them daily in your prayers; erect at every cross-road a pulpit to preach to them; but ask not the recommendation of a commission, the authority of a government, the power of the State, the aid of the Police. Religion does not require the Police—what she needs is the aid of apostles and of martyrs.

Religious ideas and moral ideas, Gentlemen, are alike tested by their motives. If I, for example, who am now, in good faith, endeavouring to convince Sr. Pidal that I am in the right, and he in the wrong, if I am actuated by the love of truth and right, I am doing a good action; but if I am prompted by the wish to show off my knowledge and eloquence. by vanity or by interest, my action can merit neither the approval of man nor the benediction of God.

In precisely the same way, he who goes to mass lest he should be deprived of his place; he who confesses for fear that his professorship should be taken from him; he who communicates with his mind intent on the doctrines of Luther and the system of Krause, may deceive man, but he cannot deceive God, who sees to the bottom of man's heart.

This, Gentlemen, is so true that I shall confront Catholic intolerance with Protestant intolerance, in order that you may understand the impotence of both. There was never so powerful a monarch as Philip II. His dominions were like infinity; they had no bounds; his sceptre might be called the axle round which the earth revolved: and this great king found himself in opposition to a weak and little nation, which had no support but its faith and conscience. And this people, forced to drive back the waves to gain a country, on that shifting soil, swept by tempest and storm, wrested from the colossus its most sacred right, its right to a free conscience. Now turn to Protestant intolerance. The Evangelical sect of the Puritans arises; they are persecuted by Mary Tudor and driven to Geneva, to plant the stock of a new Christianity. They are persecuted by proud Elizabeth and driven to Amsterdam. The pedant James pursues them with his sophisms in Hampton Court, and with his cavalry on the coast, and drives a further number of them to Leyden; and those faithful Christians, austere as the prophets of the Bible on the banks of strange rivers; ardent as the Apostles when they went forth from the upper chamber with the Holy Spirit on their foreheads, to spread through the earth the truths of Christianity; sublime as martyrs escaped from torture, adorned with the scars of their passion; take ship, trust themselves to the waves, defy the tempests as they had defied the wrath of tyrants, arrive at the coasts of New England, at Plymouth Bay, in search of a land as pure and as near to God as their own souls; and there, between the boundless desert and the boundless ocean, found liberty, equality, and fraternity; principles afterwards brought to Europe by that great and good man Franklin, whose hand grasped not the sceptre of kings but the bolt of the gods; principles, I said, brought to old Europe, and from old Europe on the wings of revolutionary hurricanes disseminated throughout the world, and finally realized in the foundation of liberty, democracy, and the republic in the immense continent of America. You see then, gentlemen, as it were, with your own eyes, and touch, as it were, with your own hands the impotence of Catholic intolerance under Philip II., and of Protestant intolerance under Elizabeth and James I. of England.

But great prominence has been given to another idea throughout this debate—and observe that I have been present from the beginning, and have not missed a single speech,—an idea, the advantages of which have been on all hands proclaimed as undeniable and unspeakable. This idea is unity, unity, always unity. Undoubtedly unity is a great principle; but it could not exist in the world without variety. Without unity the universe could not be, without variety life could not be. Go in thought throughout the realms of Nature and Spirit, and you will find this truth confirmed. The greatest of modern discoveries, the solar spectrum, proves the identity of the matter contained in the far-away nebulæ and the matter, spread out beneath our feet; but this matter is distributed amongst suns, planets, comets, aerolites, and, when we descend to organic matter, into countless organizations. Force is one; and thus a great genius was able to prove the mysterious relation existing between the principle which impels the apple to fall from the tree to

the ground, and the principle which impels the moon to follow the earth as a lover follows his mistress; and this force appears in divers forms, from the pulse which beats in this frame to the electro-magnetic spark which writes and engraves. Oxygen is the only comburent body. There is none other in heaven and earth, and, nevertheless, lights differ, from the twinkling of the star in infinity to the phosphorescence of the moon-fish. Carbon is one: it is an elemental substance; but what difference is there not between the coal which blackens the chimneys of our locomotives and the diamond which glitters in the raven locks of our fair? Religion is one; but religions are various, diverse, multiform. At what period of history have you seen a sole religion? Two Utopias have deluged the earth with blood, and heaped it with corpses—the Utopia of a single nation for all, and the Utopia of a single religion for all.

Christianity is diverse. The races of the East of Europe unanimously believe in the Greek religion; those of the West, in the Roman religion. The Germans differ. They have abandoned the metaphysical religion of the Greeks, the religion of the Empire, the collective and canonical religion of the Latins, for a religion in which the individual conscience predominates, for a religion essentially personal, like its philosophy, its history, its institutions, its genius. Your own Catholic religion, which you all adore, and which I profoundly respect, when, in what age, has it enjoyed unity? "It is fitting that heresies should be," said St. Paul, and heresies there have always been. By the tomb of Christ you have Simon Magus; by the Apologists, the Gnostics; by the Fathers of the East and West, the Manichæans; opposed to Saint Augustine, Pelagius; opposed to Constantine, Arius; when the Pontificate is morally established, the Church of Phocion; and when it is materially established, the disputes respecting the right of investiture: while the Crusaders are arming, the voice of the Paraclete, proclaiming the independence of human reason: while Saint Thomas Aquinas writes his 'Summa Theologica,' that great Catholic encyclopædia, you have the Albigenses: at the close of the Captivity of Avignon, so often compared to the Babylonish Captivity, the precursory omens of the reformation in Germany, Switzerland, and in England: when the Œcumenical Councils of Constance and Basle assemble, the heresies of John Huss and Jerome of Prague; the Satanic roll of that drum, covered, according to the legend, with human skin, which summoned the Bohemians to communicate under both kinds: at the Renaissance, amid the full splendour of the arts, when a new world comes into being, and a new creation surrenders itself to Catholic baptism, the voice of Luther, which paralyses everything: in presence of the Pontifical reaction of the seventeenth century, begun at the close of the preceding century by Sixtus V., and fostered by Louis XIV., the Gallicans and the Jansenists: in the eighteenth century, regalism climbing to the very throne of Saint Peter: and in the nineteenth century, by the side of the new Catholics, the old Catholics, the greatest thinkers, the most eminent Catholic bishops, showing that centralising unities are powerless against the law of variety prevailing in Conscience, in Nature, and in History.

But it is said, "At any rate, unity has been a blessing to Spain." I do not propose to name the individuals who have taken part in this debate, because I should have to name them all; and if I omitted any one, I might be thought guilty of a slight, of which I am incapable. But you have all heard an eloquent youth, on this side of the house recapitulating the glories of Spain to show that they are owing exclusively to Catholic unity. And if the Chamber recollects—and I doubt not it listened with as much attention as I did—the selfsame eloquent youth told us that it cost Rome three centuries to subdue us, and that when Rome was Fate. To illustrious generals like Hannibal we opposed Saguntum: to the world's conquerors we opposed Numancia: Augustus could not shut the Temple of Janus for the mountaineers of the North: Agrippa could not display the proofs of his victories over our Cantabrians; for those heroes opened the entrails of the ships, and buried themselves in the depths of the sea, rather than pass beneath the triumphal arches of the Via Sacra, under the double weight of their chains and of their humiliation.

Well, then, I ask these eloquent youths,—whose misfortune it has been, though my boast, that they have attended my classes and were my pupils—my pupils *par excellence*, for I have often awarded them prizes—and who afford a

proof that the disciple does not always follow his master's teaching as faithfully as is generally supposed,—I ask them this simple question. Since you attribute our characteristic sentiment of independence solely to the Catholic religion, did I haply teach you that the Gods worshipped by our fathers in Saguntum were the same as Him they worshipped at Saragossa and Gerona? When of yore our fathers offered their mighty sacrifices they could not have been influenced by Catholic unity, for Catholicism did not yet exist in Spain. The gods of Rhodes reached the shores of Catalonia; Diana of Ephesus the promontories of Valencia; Hercules of Tyre the peninsula of Gades; the divinities of Babylon, (brought over with the idols of Carthage and Phœnicia), the banks of the Betis; the Lusitanians consulted the entrails of the victims, like the Augurs at Rome; and the Galicians had their Druidic groves, like the ancient Priests of Gaul; and the Celtiberi twined their sacred dances before their huts at the full moon; and the Carpatians adored the sun like the Persians; and the Vaccæi raised their altars beneath the shadows of the sacred oaks, where groaned the souls of their sires; and if history, if tradition, if antiquity, are to prevail over justice, reason, and truth, these Gods should be our Gods, for they it was who founded our fatherland, and presided at the cradle of our race. I have told you that Catholic unity did not really exist in Spain until the reign of Philip III., until the last Moor had disappeared. There is evidence on all sides of the previous co-existence of creeds. The treaties made by our kings with conquered races have been very properly cited. Laws have been adduced by some, history by others, to prove the existence in Spain of unity or of toleration, as the case might be. There is no evidence like buildings; no history like architecture. Architecture is a kind of moral geology. Go to our great cities, go above all to that city* which may be said to be the compendium of our history, and which with just pride we point out to the foreigner. What do you see there? On the summit of the hill, the proud Alcazar, where a Castilian received in marriage the descendant of the Abdibitas of Seville; in the poetic meadows, the gardens of "la Galiana," where Alfonso X. composed his Alfonsine tables, or introduction to all the sciences, aided by the disciples of Averroes and Maimonides; on the Arabic Puerta del Sol, the oriental fret, carved on Christian monuments by the vanquished and tolerated Moor; in "Cristo de la Luz" and "Santa Maria la Blanca," jewels of Cordovan and Syrian architecture, adorning the Sanctuary, where the faithful guardians of the law of Moses observed the precepts given amidst the thunders of Sinai; in "el Transito," the synagogue raised by the treasurer of Don Pedro the Cruel at a time when uncompromising religious intolerance was beginning to manifest itself; and, at the very door of the great Catholic temple, the Arabic rite and the Gothic rite—moral bulwark, all this, of our independence, in evil hour broken down by Gregory VII., by the Monks of Cluni, by the Dukes of Burgundy, who split up our territory by separating us from Portugal; in a word, whithersoever you turn your eyes or direct your steps, evidences of various forms of worship; and, towering above all, the incense perfumed Cathedral, a symbol of our unity, which has not escaped the law of variety prevailing in history, in nature, and in society, as well as in our Spain.

It is terrible to contemplate the consequences of religious unity. The Spanish nation has not completely exhausted them, because the Spanish nation cannot utterly perish. Its energy, its vigour, and its manhood are incompatible with the evils of a hopeless decline, of such a decline, for example, as that of the Turks. In the time of Philip IV. Velasquez could paint his historical pictures. In the time of Charles II., Calderon could write his last dramas. But, apart from these great islands of light, what remains after the definitive establishment of religious unity in Spain? Its victory was never so complete and undeniable as during the reign of Philip III.

The Jews disappeared who had carried the products of our commerce and intelligence to Provence, to Italy and to Greece. The workmen, who had irrigated our meadows and set our factories in motion, were assassinated at the street corners, drowned in the depths of the sea, or banished into deserts. Great Protestants, who, like Constantine and Cazalla, reflected lustre on Spain, rotted in dungeons, or perished at the

* Toledo.

cursed stakes of the Inquisition. In the sixteenth century the intellectual movement fostered by Vives was completely interrupted, and, along with our internal intellectual progress, all intimate communication with the rest of Europe was suspended. We did not bathe with Spinoza in the Eternal Being; we did not scale with Descartes the giddy heights of Spiritualism, nor with Bacon descend to Nature's foundations. One university set itself to compound a philtre to prolong the life of Philip III.; another, later on, refused to accept the binomial theorem and the calculus of Newton. Hags descended on our nights, witches on our convents, demons on the bodies of our bedevilled kings; the troops of Flanders and Italy perished miserably at Rocroi; the navy of Lepanto was insulted by Algerian corsairs, or sunk by English cruisers; our country resembled a waste and lonely cemetery; our factories a cordillera of ruins; our literature lost its originality; our poetry its vigour; our pulpit became pedantic; our science scholastic; our astronomy, astrology; our sculpture, distorted and violent; our architecture, churrigueresque; our peasantry, slothful; our nobility, beggars; and three or four monarchs who, a century before, would not have dared to look us in the face, leisurely discussed in diplomatic documents the dismemberment and partition of Spain, an immense corpse stretched by Providence over the globe, to show, as it were, clinically in history how illustrious races perish, when they deliver up their consciences to an intolerant Church and their will to an absolute monarchy.

I have never concealed,—and you, Gentlemen, whose testimony I have often needed, though I need it not to-day, will bear me out in the assertion,—I have never refused to recognise the great, the perhaps leading, influence which Catholicism has exercised upon the treasury of our national glories. I yield to no one in admiration of such writers as Alfonso X. or St. Isidoro, the Encylopædist of his age; or of the poets who gave us the 'Magico Prodigioso,' or the 'Estrella de Sevilla;' or of such universities as Salamanca and Alcala, which added to the glories of the Renaissance; or of those painters, who, with Juan de Juanes, introduced amongst us the correctness of the Florentine with the truth of the Dutch schools, and who put before our eyes in shadow the penitents of Ribera and in light the virgins of Murillo. No one surpasses me in admiration for the epoch when the sea swelled beneath the shadow of the Spanish flag, and murmured our name under both hemispheres, and when, with unparalleled effort, we enlarged the too narrow world, that it might be able to contain our glory. But, Gentlemen, it is a historical falsehood and derogatory to our race to affirm that only of Catholic epochs we retain imperishable monuments. This should not be admitted on a Spanish platform. For was not the first foreigner raised by proud Rome to power a Spaniard? Spaniards, the emperors who closed an ill-starred epoch of tyranny and intrigue, and ushered in the glorious epoch of the Antonines and of Marcus Aurelius.?

The first epic poet of the Roman Empire was a Spaniard; the first rhetorician, the first moralist, the first philosopher, were Spaniards. We were the teachers in the Middle Ages of agriculture and hydraulics. We clothed naked Europe with our linens and silks. We discovered those rudiments of chemistry which Lavoisier was, later on, to turn to account. Long before Torricelli we had glimmerings of the ponderability of the atmosphere. We spread the knowledge of chemistry, pharmacy, and medicine through Europe. Spain boasts Maimonides, who advanced the study of natural science in Egypt, and revealed to Albert the Great the proofs of the existence of God. Spain boasts Averroes, who civilized Southern Europe, and was the teacher of the Schoolmen. Spain boasts Sahal, the poet of inextinguishable mirth; Alhacen, educated in the schools of Cordoba and Seville, the founder of the science of optics; poetesses who, like Sobeya and Velada, perfumed with their sighs the wild roses that cluster on the blue hills of Cordoba; the famous Albucasis, who perfected the art of surgery; Geber, who followed up the scientific traditions of Alexdria by establishing the first astronomical observatory in Europe in the Giralda at Seville; worthies all of Andalusia, where their illustrious names dwell and shall dwell upon every tongue throughout all generations; proofs that genius comes naturally to our race—the reflection on the favoured brow of Spain of our divine light and incomparable sky.

My object, Gentlemen, in saying this is to show

that while greatness is produced more readily under the influence of progressive than of reactionary ideas, of spiritualism than of fatalism, it is invariably produced when we dedicate our natural, intellectual, and moral energies, independently of time and circumstances, to worthy ends. For, studying our history without passion, (and now I am about to expose the dark side of our character), we find in it an incurable defect. In Spain every one prefers his sect to his country. History tells us that when the war in Flanders broke out, Philip II., kneeling before a crucifix, prayed thus: "Perish those States, —perish all the States I have inherited from my forefathers,—perish all those I have joined to my immense empire, before, my God, I suffer to exist therein a heretic who adores Thee not as I adore Thee." The words change with the times; but their sense dwells always at the root of the Spanish conscience, stamped in bitterest characters on our history. Fatal error: "My sect before my country"! We hear it on all sides. Hence that war, which I have often called brutal, mutually waged in Spain by our political parties, intolerant and irreconcilable all of them; war, wherein the combatants are stained by calumny, persecuted with hatred, and finally overwhelmed in a common destruction. The demagogue in the South reflects not, as he unfurls his red banner, unknown to any authority and unrecognised by any nation, that he may be imperilling the dignity, the honour, and the independence of his country. The peasant in the North seeks the blessing of his priest, and, with the chaste kiss of his mother or his spouse upon his lips, shoulders his gun, aud sets forth to kill Liberals, as his fathers killed Moors and Jews.

Our ancestors did not believe that the Jew could love his country,—the Jew, who, after four centuries of persecution in the East, still turns his eyes to the land of the setting sun, where the bones of his fathers lie whitening,—who mingles with the dead accents of Genesis and Exodus, the living accents of "the Lamentations," "the Labyrinth" and "the Treasury." The Catholic Spaniard could not convince himself that the Moor could be really converted. It was not enough for the Moor to frequent the Church; he must die on the scaffold or in the desert.

So it is, Gentlemen, that a respected member of the Constitutional Commission has recorded, with deep feeling and in incomparable language, the curses with which all other nations assail us. Because the Spanish character, temperate, energetic, valorous, and full of virtues, has acquired, through its intolerance, a stain which darkens them all,—the stain of ferocity; and this stain, I repeat, springs from religious intolerance. For when you are told, in the name of God, that it is lawful to kill, how will you have it understood that from God can come only life; that death is a negation which exists in the finite only; and that in God, who is goodness; eternal and supreme, evil can have no place?

Our intolerance impelled us to bloodshed. Brussels shows us the scaffold of Counts Egmont and Horn, raised by our intolerance. England, the association of Philip II. with the crimes of Bloody Mary, many of them instigated by our intolerance; France, the night of St. Bartholomew and the Massacre of Blois, inspired by our intolerance; Italy, the dungeon of Campanella, the sacrificed Republics of Florence and Venice, the work also of our intolerance.

Ah! Gentlemen, there have been two nations really coadjutors of the Pontificate—France and Spain. But France was so in harmony with the spirit of the age. Thus it was that she was able to promote the Crusades, aid the assembling of the Council of Lyons, and receive the Pope in her midst. We were the coadjutors of the Pontificate during its political decline, and we had to stand in opposition to the reformation in Germany, the independence of Holland, the development of England, the peace of Westphalia, the edict of Nantes. We were the dark side of history. We were the auxiliaries of decline. We were the representatives of death.

Thus it is that one of the great achievements of the revolution of September has been the reconciliation of Spain with humanity. Whatever else may be said of it, the revolution of September reconciled us with the spirit of modern times. Three great Ministers, misunderstood now, but sure of the verdict of posterity, and able to support tranquilly the injustice of to-day, in view of the benedictions which history has in store for them,—three great Ministers, at the time of the Revolution of September, were busied with the relation of Church and State. One of them, who is now listening to me, Sr. Romero Ortiz, manfully

held his ground in a period of conflict when obstacles, accumulated by traditionalist superstitions, had to be overcome. Another, Sr. Montero Rios, came forward with an intermediate democratic solution, as suited his school, and proposed, with equal good faith and clear insight, to re-unite provinces and people, with their bishops and their clergy, the representatives of morality in this Spain of ours. And there was, lastly, another Minister of Grace and Justice, a young friend of my own, and sharer in my religious convictions, distinguished alike for his ability and good faith, Sr. Moreno Rodriguez, who laid upon the table a bill for the separation of Church and State, which it became impossible to discuss, on account of the immense misfortunes which fell upon us in the last days of Spanish democracy.

But, Gentlemen, the revolution of September took away from sectarians the control of primary instruction, and made it national and scientific; it returned their lost self-government to the universities, and freedom of speech to the professors; it gave to the press its inviolable rights; and, lastly, it proclaimed religious liberty, thereby stamping the epoch as most glorious and beneficent by the emancipation of thought and intelligence in Spain.

Well, now, what has the Commission done? It has often been said here that there is no revolutionary party in England, or, rather, that the Liberal party is not a revolutionary party; and do you, Gentlemen, who are on the Commission, or are members of the Government, know why? The reason is simple. It is that the Conservative party is not a reactionary party. Can this be said of Spain? I leave the answer to yourselves; and, to assist you in answering truly, I will cite a parallel. Do you think the English people are less intolerant than the Spanish people? We no longer carry in procession through our streets the effigy of Anne Boleyn, symbol of our hatred to the English race: the English still make a bonfire every year of images sacred to every Catholic.

English Lutherans have been as intolerant as any people of Latin race, and have had their night of St. Bartholomew. It was in 1780, a little after the American and a little before the French Revolution. Certain concessions had been granted to the Catholics, against which Lord George Gordon protested in a petition or a motion—I forget which—and he was backed up by a popular outbreak. Do you know what happened that night? Houses were invaded, the inhabitants were obliged to placard in all their windows, "Down with the Papacy!" No one could pass through the streets without wearing in his hat a blue rosette, the badge of intolerance; the Bank was reduced to ashes; the Arsenals sacked; the public squares were converted into battle-grounds between the military and the populace; every street corner was witness of murder and bloodshed; the most populous quarters were burnt down; and, in the midst of these horrors, a horror occurred that baffles description: the taverns and distilleries were ignited, and their flaming contents darting through the gutters, formed rivers of fire, upon whose burning waves the drunken populace flung themselves, becoming, like the Christians whom Nero tortured, living torches, from whose midst were heard loud Dantesque vociferations, apocalyptic groans. So true is it that religious intolerance can bring back the hells of the Middle Ages into the centres of commerce, of culture, and of industry.

But what did England do? She entered with daily increasing energy and decision on the path of religious toleration. She modified the Test Act, and Jews can take their seats in the House of Commons. She emancipated the Catholics, so that the tempestuous voice of O'Connell could resound in her free Parliament, as it formerly resounded on the green mountains of oppressed Erin. She abolished the Protestant Church in Ireland, one of the greatest achievements of the age; and, seeing that the University of Oxford refused to admit Catholics and Free Thinkers, she established in 1831 a university in London, where dissenters can obtain degrees, whatever be their philosophy or their creed.

What would have happened, Gentlemen, if the English Conservatives had maintained the tests, had sent back the Catholics to slavery, and re-established the Church in Ireland? What has happened here would have happened there. If the Conservatives had become reactionary, the Liberals would have become revolutionary.

Well now, I do not understand how my honoured friend and illustrious opponent,

Sr. Moyano, has passed over in silence those weighty charges which a worthy member of the Commission has heaped upon his head. Sr. Moyano—and I regret to be obliged thus to eulogise him, because it may damage him in the eyes of his party—established a law of public instruction, wherein the claims of science and freedom of thought have been so fully recognized, that I can not refrain from asking you, the Liberals, the defenders of the Constitution of 1869, Ministers of Amadeus of Savoy, or of the Republic, you who pride yourselves on being Progresistas—what have you done with that liberty asserted by Sr. Moyano in his law of public instruction, which will be one of the most glorious monuments of the present century?

The result is curious. Sr. Moyano, who is now a reactionist, upheld freedom of thought in the most evil times for Spanish liberty; and you, who profess to be Liberals, have caused a tremendous reaction in education, of which it will be difficult for us to get rid in the present century; for we have already a pack of reactionary professors, and you will see that to-morrow we shall have a pack of Liberal professors. This is the result of bringing the war into the realms of science.

Gentlemen, I have heard with real terror the statement made here the other day, with such self-possession, by the Minister of Grace and Justice. In a well-considered speech, he told us that dissenters from the Catholic faith cannot be professors. Well then, what can they be? Ministers of Grace and Justice?

(The Minister of Grace and Justice: "Professors of Free Schools.")

Professors of Free Schools? In competition with the State, with its salaried professors, with its accumulated treasures of bygone generations, with its hospitals, its physical and chemical laboratories, its museums of natural history, its libraries, with all the official influence and prestige which is so powerful in a country deficient in individual enterprise like ours? Gentlemen, what a sophism! Do you know what we did when we called ourselves Federals—we, who are such partizans of political autonomy? We brought in a bill, (you have it there), like that constitution of which my ingenious friend, Sr. Silvela, reminded me in his able speech, a bill asking the State for 200 millions for our schoolmasters, for, if we left them to be supported by the municipalities, the poor schoolmasters would starve.

Does not the Minister understand that, if science is subordinated to theology, the intellectual progress made by the Spanish nation during the last hundred years is completely lost?

Science and religion are conversant with the same objects, the soul, the universe, God; only science investigates these objects by the light of reason, and is bounded by the limits of the reasoning faculties; while religion penetrates, on the powerful wings of faith, into other and less accessible regions. I will not say if religion and science will ever be reconciled in a more or less distant future. I wish to say nothing that would make me seem, directly or indirectly, an enemy to the Catholic religion; but what I say is, that if science and religion are to harmonize—if, like the stars in space they are not to come into collision,—they must be left to their respective orbits. I say more. By disqualifying for professorships dissenters from Catholicism, you advance farther than Sr. Moyano in the path of reaction. Under Moderado and Unionist ministers, an illustrious sage, like Sanz del Rio, could inaugurate an intellectual movement, which may now and then have been guilty of exaggerations, but which will always reflect credit on the Spain of this century. Then the famous physiologist, Sr. Mata, could expound his experimental system, so opposed to Catholic dogmatism. Under these intolerant constitutions, Quintana, the greatest poet that the encyclopædia of the eighteenth century has furnished, could, in the nineteenth century, be tutor to Dona Isabel II.; then, under Sr. Moyano and Sr. Pidal, Eclecticism was professed in the University, and Neo—Catholicism outside it.

I allude to nobody; I will not appeal to any of my colleagues at the University. And offence must not be taken, if I say that henceforth there will be taught in the University the metaphysics which were taught before Bacon and Descartes, the logic of the schoolmen, the principles of Thomas Aquinas, systems long ago discarded, and at the present day forgotten. And this is completely contrary to the temper of Europe. Throughout Europe, (Russia not excepted,) rationalist books are published and Rationalists are

elected professors, and, even at the risk of wearying the House, I must ask the members of the commission to instance a single civilized nation without professors who dissent from the State religion. In Prussia, in the reign of Frederick William IV., the King romantic par excellence, who prided himself on his orthodoxy—Hegel, that great genius, unrivalled except by Plato and Aristotle, constructed his magnificent system, which derives Nature, Art, State, Religion, and Science from the movement of the idea. In Austria—before the rupture of the Concordat and the renewal of the Josephine laws—Areus explained his science of Natural and Civil Law. In France, under Napoleon III., Laboulaye lectured on the code of North America, and an *employé* of the Imperial Library wrote the celebrated 'Life of Jesus.' In Portugal the chief of the Democratic party, the illustrious Latino Coelli, is State Professor. In Italy, whose institutions are supposed to be so analogous to our own, Moleschot, a Materialist, has been Professor at Turin; Vera, Hegelian, at Naples; Ferrari, Ultra Hegelian, at Milan; Filopanti, Rationalist, at Bologna; the renowned orator and true priest of modern science, as well as Minister of Justice, Mancini, in the University of Rome.

And, Gentlemen, in Spain you will have no State professors who dissent from the established religion? I ask you then, do you submit your laws to the judgment of the Church? You do not submit them. The Syllabus says that the liberty of the press is heresy. Will you abolish the liberty of the press? The Syllabus says that all books treating of God, the universe, the soul, in a word, of whatever exists, must be submitted to ecclesiastical censure. Will you re-establish the ecclesiastical censure? The Syllabus, as I have already reminded my friend, Sr. Pidal, says that it is heretical to refuse to the Church the material power of the State. Will you grant the material forces of the State to the Church, which needs only moral force? Religion condemns usury. Will you re-establish a fixed legal rate of interest? Religion declares the precedence of the King, the royal prerogatives, and all that constitutes our religious nationality, heterodox. Will you grant to the Pope precedence and prerogative? Gentlemen, if you do not subordinate to the Church your transitory civil laws, how can you pretend to subordinate to it the eternal laws of science?

In the year 1866 the illustrious President of this Chamber, replying to the most eminent members of the Moderado and Catholic Party, said: "Undeceive yourselves. Natural Science, Physics, and Metaphysics have nothing to do with the State religion; their movements are independent of Church and State"; and a few days afterwards he rallied the Moderado party by reminding them that they had presided at the inauguration of the Professorship of Anthropology, a science which traces up the pedigree of man and the pedigree of the ape to the same source.

Gentlemen, do you wish to submit Science to Dogma, the University to the Church? But who are you, who are the Cortes, who is the King to define religious dogmas? Do you think a lay chancellor competent to legally determine the orthodoxy of a professor? No. If Science is to be subordinated to Dogma, you must appoint an archbishop chancellor of your university, a bishop director of your institute and a priest your schoolmaster. There is nothing else for it. This is the logical outcome of your doctrines; for none of you have the theological capacity to determine what is orthodox and what is heterodox in questions of dogma.

Ah! Gentlemen, putting on one side our polemics, and forgetting our discussions, our deliberations, and our differences, I appeal to your hearts, to your reason, to your consciences, to your patriotism, and I ask you, Do you think that because you have obtained a material, you have also obtained a moral triumph in the North? Do you think that the civil war is not the result of the mental condition of the people there? I do not ask you—I cannot ask you—to do what I have not done myself; I do not ask you to persecute the clergy. And here I must make an explanation which I omitted to do on another occasion, from repugnance to introduce personal questions. I must tell my friend, Sr. Moreno Nieto, that if he understood me to advocate such persecution of the Church in Spain, as has taken place in Germany and Switzerland, he *mis*understood me. I could not, I would not, I ought not, to have said so. I must have expressed myself

badly. The words I used must have borne the construction put on them; but I declare that I do not desire the Church to be persecuted.

What I say, Gentlemen, is, that in this transitional period when the State still preserves functions and powers which will one day belong to society, in this crisis, the State still possesses the means of changing the scientific, the intellectual, at all events the political, character of a people; and, although it should fail in changing them for the better, it is bound at least to employ those means. Nobody will dispute the absolute necessity of effecting a change in the mental condition of the Basque Provinces. It is not, as was erroneously alleged, a question of banishing the clergy from the Basque Provinces and Navarre. That were unjust and impossible. But to oppose to the clergy and the Church there an army of schoolmasters, paid by the State, to teach the elements of a national and rational education, this is urgent. If you neglect to do this, the curse of God and the curse of history will fall on you. But are you prepared to do this in view of the explanations given by the Minister of Grace and Justice? Many are the evils which democratic exaggerations have brought about; but greater far those caused by Monarchic and Catholic exaggerations. The insurrection of Carthagena was terrible; terrible those of Castellon, of Seville, of Cadiz, and of Valencia; but these were summer storms, loud but short-lived; fires which only burned ourselves, extinguished in two months by the most advanced section of the Liberal party; while four years and 300,000 men were needed to terminate the war which martyred San Sebastian and Bilbao, which held Estella and Tolosa, which killed General Concha, which covered Montejurra with corpses, which bred the bandit Rosas, and produced such characters as the Bishop of Urgel and the Curate of Santa Cruz, which is the result of an intellectual condition which you must set about modifying forthwith, unless you would lose your liberty and your country.

I, who am a Radical, affirm that politics are an eternal compromise between the ideal and the real. Politics without the ideal are a body without a head; politics without the real are a head without eyes. The ideal must be united to the real, and therefore it is indispensable that the State, with all the resources at its command, should do its utmost to impart to the Basque Provinces such an education as shall hereafter produce a liberal and patriotic race; for there, according to all I see and hear, not only the love of liberty has been extinguished, but, as happens with all people dominated by the Ultramontanes, there has also been extinguished that generous idea which has produced so many heroes and so many martyrs, that idea which ought to be the life of the country,—the idea of patriotism.

What is required is an education at once scientific and national, and this you cannot give without changing your educational policy.

Gentlemen, I have finished this long speech in defence of principles to which I have given the devotion of a lifetime. Do not imagine that you have in me an implacable enemy to religion. As a thinker, or in pursuit of science I may have my own ideas in reference to the Catholic religion; but as a practical politician, without abandoning the idea of an absolute separation between elements which ought to be absolutely separated, I cannot forget that Catholicism is the religion and morality of our people; that under the golden wings of its angels innocence is fostered; that the chaste regard of its virgins lulls the passions to sleep, and arouses the ideal in the souls of our youths; that from the bosom of its God our generations believe they have come forth, and that to the bosom of its God they hope to return; that in the exercise of its rites the poor peasant finds the honey of poetry, and the consolations which his hardships require; that from its promises the majority of our nation draws courage to put off this body, like a worn-out shell, and to lie down in the darkness of the grave, as at the gate of immortality. I, Gentlemen, though of philosophical, democratical, and liberal views, have visited the vales of Umbria, as a pilgrim at the Convent of Assisi. I have seemed to hear the Te Deum of Las Navas de Tolosa, from the lips of the statues which rise in the transepts of Toledo Cathedral. Seated amongst the ruins, in the gardens of Sallust, beneath the cypress trees, I have seen

the sun, like a consecrated host, setting behind the basilica of St. Peter's. I have gone down into the Catacombs; I have touched in the gloom the stones engraved with sacred emblems by the hand of martyrs; and, if I cannot share, I can understand and admire your faith.

But be assured that neither your religion, nor any other religion, can fulfil its great moral ends, if it is a State force, instead of a pure idea; if it is a political agent between parties and governments, instead of a mediator between heaven and earth, between life and death, between death and immortality, between man and God. This spiritual character has always been necessary to Religion, but it is so more than ever at the present day, when we ought to gather all our forces to combat an utilitarian, materialist, fatalist, and atheistic philosophy; when force is exalted to the place of sole principle, and natural aristocracies, and even dynasties, are derived from the conflict of species; when a system of Indian morality is taught, pervaded by sensual mysticism, and conducting to universal annihilation; when life is blasphemed as a fatal gift of suffering, and the characteristic of humanity, freewill, is denied, and the fundamental laws of our being are unrecognized, and the godlike fire of thought is confounded with the material secretions of the brain, and the universe is turned into a vast Pantheon, wherein God lies dead and buried. At such a crisis the cause of all great principles demands that the soul should wake up and glow at the light and heat of a true idealism, and that religion should be fired with a faith completely superior to all earthly interests, arousing in man the master moral idea, the divine idea of right.

I have said in the first constituent assembly that the only free nations are moral nations, and that at this period of the world's history only truly religious people are moral people. The London Sunday, the Puritan fervour of Boston, and the deep Christianity of Zurich and Geneva are proofs of this. I, Gentlemen, have said in this Chamber, when it was not very popular to say so, that, when the material bands of authority are broken, you must supply their place by the moral bands of religion, and I add that to tighten those bands the idea of religion must be separated from oppression, it must renounce material force, it must throw away the sword of St. Peter, and adopt the word of Christ, who said, "Blessed are those that mourn and those that suffer." "The fowls of the air neither sow nor gather into barns, yet the Eternal feeds them." "The lilies of the field sow not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "Pray for them that persecute you, intercede for them that revile you, love them that hate you." "Seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." "Be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect in glory eternal." These ideas are those great ideas which have no connection with temporal power and with the theories of absolutism.

One morning this Eastertide I visited the church in one of our Southern towns. The chorus of the birds mingled with the chorus of priests; the perfume of the fields with the perfumes of the incense; the breeze of the neighbouring sea with the notes of the organ. These coincidences reminded me of that scene in the German epic, where the illustrious alchemist, wearied of the abstractions of science and robbed of all his illusions by his ceaseless search after knowledge, determines upon suicide; when, at the last moment, he is called back to reality and life by the Paschal bells and Paschal alleluia, which announced, and, with it, Christ's resurrection the advent of spring and the resurrection of Nature. Then I turned my eyes towards the altar and beheld Christ's image, and thereupon there came into my mind the recollection of a German legend against Atheism. It is the last day; the suns are extinguished, the planets are broken in pieces, life has disappeared, and in space nought remains but a sanctuary, where angels in chorus are beating their wings, and awaiting the return of Christ, who has gone to seek his eternal Father. At length, pale and weeping, the Redeemer returns, the wound in his side reopened, whence all his blood is escaping, and says, "I have ascended into the heavens, and have only found nothing joining itself to nothing; I have descended into the deep and have only found the abyss mingling with the abyss. My Redemption has been useless; my sacrifice in vain, for there is no God, for you and I are all

orphans."* Ah, Gentlemen, we are not orphans. There is a God. Conscience proclaims Him. The entire Universe is an infinite organ intoning throughout space His incommunicable name.

While I was absorbed in these contemplations, the Priest read the Gospel. The sacred volume told how three days after Christ's burial, Mary Magdalene and other women of Jerusalem went down to the Sepulchre and found it empty. They were troubled greatly, believing that the remains of the Saviour had been stolen away: but an angel in shining garments said unto them, "Christ is not here, Christ is risen;" but they believed not. The blind women of the Evangelist, seeking Christ in the sepulchre of stone, reminded me of the reactionary school. They seek Christ where He is not, in the sepulchre of the Middle Ages, within the walls of the feudal castle, in the chambers of torment, in the fetters of the slaves, at the fiery stake: but Christ is risen in liberty, He is risen in equality; Christ is in the work of Washington, He is in the execution of Brown, in the martyrdom of Lincoln, wherever the chain of the oppressed is broken, wherever truth and justice are executed.

Gentlemen, proclaim laws of reconciliation amongst men and of equity for the people: so shall you have helped on the slow but sure march of progess, which shall convert this earth into an epitome of the universe, and man's soul into the eternal reflection of God.

* Cf. Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays," people's edition, Vol. III., p. 55.

